

Twelve Fail-Safe Ways to Charm Witches and wizards

by solemnjillian

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Summary: Set on Harry's 17th birthday, after Ron gave him the book "Twelve Fail-Safe Ways to Charm Witches" (page 97 in Deathly Hallows.) Harry wonders if the situations in the book apply for wizards as well. I DO NOT OWN THESE CHARACTERS OR THE TITLE OF THE BOOK.

Twelve Fail-Safe Ways to Charm Witches and wizards

Ron went down to the kitchen, but Harry had decided to stay in Ron's room and start reading the book he'd just gotten for his birthday, Twelve Fail-Safe Ways to Charm Witches. Usually he wouldn't be this interested in a book, but it might just be what he needed to give him a push in the right direction. Even though he was planning to use it on a wizard... in fact, the very same wizard who had just given him that book.

As he scanned one of the first pages of the book, the index, he noticed some things that were important, but he'd never even thought of them. All of chapter four was dedicated to having clean ears, and chapter seven was about brushing your teeth the right way. He didn't even know there were more ways than one to brush your teeth. However, he didn't hesitate before cleaning himself in the ways the book told him to.

When he got downstairs, he instantly scanned the room for Ron, like he always did.

"Harry! Happy birthday, dear boy," Mrs Weasley said as she embraced him in a tight hug.

"Thank you, Mrs Weasley. Say, have you seen Ron?" Harry asked, trying to sound casual. She seemed to be on the edge of answering, but apparently hadn't decided yet if she wanted to tell him or not.

"Oh, all right, I sent him to feed the chickens," Mrs Weasley admitted, then turned around to continue preparing breakfast. It seemed as though she found that it was unacceptable to keep Harry from his friends on his birthday. But Harry had no desire at all to talk about their upcoming hunt for Horcruxes. He quickly looked into the mirror, and attempted to flatten his hair.

"Better than usual, darling," said the mirror, and Harry grinned slightly. If even a mirror noticed, surely Ron had to as well?

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"Hiya, Harry," Ron said, without looking up. Harry had just walked up to him, determined to finally make a move. Chapter eight was dedicated to paying compliments, but none of the example compliments really applied to Ron.

'Your eyes are just as pretty and brown as a Chocolate Frog.' Ron didn't have brown eyes, and Harry didn't exactly want to compare them to Chocolate Frogs if they were.

'You look amazing in that dress!' As far as Harry was concerned, Ron definitely didn't wear dresses, unless you counted their fourth year dress robes.

But he couldn't exactly compliment Ron on his chicken-feeding techniques either, even though it was probably quite an original remark. He tried to think of something else, but his mind went blank. After a while, he did think of something, but he wasn't planning on telling Ron that his eyes were as blue as a properly brewed Cure for Boils.

"You all right, mate?" Ron asked, and Harry suddenly realised he hadn't even said 'hi' back.

"Sorry, yes, hi," he quickly said. Ron raised an eyebrow, but said nothing.

"You've read the book, haven't you?" Ron asked, grinning.

"I- how did you know?" Harry asked, stunned.

"Your ears are pink, just like mine were after cleaning them the way the book told me to. And your lips," Ron moved very close, "look incredibly soft."

Harry's heart felt as though it was in his throat. Then, he felt an unpleasant feeling in his stomach as he realised something. Ron had read the book as well, even groomed himself in the ways that the book suggested. Probably for Hermione, Harry thought, and the unpleasant feeling in his stomach increased. Or perhaps for Fleur. Quickly shaking this thought, he realised that nearly every nerve in his body was screaming to just kiss Ron and get it over with, but his mind told him to wait.

"Go get her, champ," Ron said, then clapped Harry on the back and returned to feeding the chickens. Harry turned away, even more determined to make his move the next time he saw Ron.

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Harry spent the rest of the day on his bed in Ron's room, reading carefully through his new book, trying not to overlook any useful tips. He assumed Mrs Weasley had kept Ron busy, but had let Harry off the hook for one day, seeing as it was his birthday.

Harry hadn't found any more useful tips, much to his disappointment. The most useful one was perhaps 'be yourself'. He could do that, he had been himself with Ron for years now. But when Mrs Weasley called him down for dinner, he started to get nervous. What if he screwed up, and knocked over the gravy or dropped the salt? But he couldn't stay upstairs. He bookmarked the page in his book, then looked in the mirror one more time to see if he looked decent. Apart from his hair, everything seemed to be in order, so he started to make his way downstairs.

Once Harry had reached the kitchen, he was greeted by a lot of sounds. The sizzling of food on the stove, Fleur's 'eenglish', Fred imitating a pig, and the sound he'd always loved to hear; Ron's laugh. A small smile appeared on his face, but disappeared rather quickly as he noticed that Ron was looking at Hermione, who apparently had said something funny. Ignoring the desire to run back upstairs, he forced his feet to make his way to the empty seat next to Ron, who looked sideways when Harry sat down next to him.

"Hey, haven't seen you around," Ron said, still smiling.

"Yeah, I've been doing some, er, reading," Harry said, and Ron's smile turned into a smirk.

"Good, stay educated, eh?" Ron said, and winked at Harry. The latter felt his heart make its way to his throat once again. He managed to smile weakly before loading his plate with food.

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Dinner went by quite peacefully, and to Harry's delight he hadn't knocked anything over, nor had he spilled something over himself. The best part was probably when Ron shot Fleur a nasty look, after she made a rude comment about Mrs Weasley's cooking.

Harry had just started to make his way upstairs again, when someone grabbed his wrist, but gently. He looked around and saw Ron looking at him.

"Can you follow me? I want to show you something," Ron asked, and Harry nodded. Much to Harry's disappointment, Ron let go of his wrist as he turned and walked towards the back door. Harry followed, wondering what it was that Ron wanted to show him.

Harry noticed that the sky was beautiful when they walked through the back door. The sun was setting, and the sky seemed to glow orange and pink. Apparently Harry had stopped walking, because Ron turned around.

"You coming?" Ron asked, but not before he took a few seconds to look at Harry. Just look. Of course, Harry hadn't noticed this.

"Yeah, sorry."

"No problem," Ron replied as he allowed Harry to catch up with him.

"What is it that you want to show me, anyway?"

"You'll see."

"Ron-"

"You'll see," Ron repeated, and Harry sighed.

After about ten minutes of climbing small hills and stepping over fallen trees, they had finally reached a rather large tree, standing in an otherwise completely empty field. Harry shot Ron a questioning look, but Ron just smiled and walked closer to the tree. He put his foot in a hollow part of the tree, and as Harry looked up, he noticed that the tree was full of these kind of holes. Ron looked at Harry, amusement clearly visible on his face, and then started to climb his way up the tree.

"Are you coming?" Ron shouted, once he had disappeared from Harry's view, who now slightly panicked. He hadn't ever climbed a tree before, what if he fell? Thinking about his book, he decided there would probably be a paragraph telling him to be brave, and also one telling him to never let an opportunity slip. So, he put his foot in one of the holes, and started to climb. It was surprisingly easy and fun, and he found himself quickly at the top of the tree, where Ron was sitting on a large branch already.

"That was quick," Ron said, smiling. Harry didn't say anything, but focused on trying to sit down on the branch without falling out of the tree. Ron had apparently noticed this, because he grabbed Harry's upper arm.

"Try to feel confident, then it's not so hard," Ron said. Harry wished more than anything he could feel confident, not only so he could sit in the tree but so that he could finally make a move.

Eventually, Harry succeeded in sitting down, and Ron let go of his arm. Harry then looked at the view in front of him. It was breathtaking, The Burrow was on the left side of his view, and on the right was the setting sun, and the sky that had even turned more beautiful.

"Ron, this is amazing," Harry said, leaving his mouth slightly open. Then, he felt fingers under his chin, gently closing his mouth. Harry quickly apologised for his open mouth, but Ron just laughed.

"Stop. Just stop," Ron said.

"Stop what?"

"Stop being so adorable," Ron replied, now also looking at the view.

"Me?" Harry asked uncertainly.

"Yes, you."

"Adorable?"

"Very," Ron said, and then put his head on Harry's shoulder. Surely Ron was joking? This probably was a birthday prank, Harry decided, even though he didn't know if birthday pranks were a thing.

"You've been very quiet today. The times I saw you, I mean," Ron said after a few minutes.

Harry couldn't think of an excuse that wasn't a lie, so he just shrugged. However, he regretted this instantly, because Ron lifted his head from Harry's shoulder.

"You can tell me what's up, Harry," Ron said softly.

"I wish I could," Harry replied. Then, he acted on impulse and grabbed Ron's hand.

"Show me," was all Ron said, and so Harry did. Moving closer, he twisted his torso slightly, then softly brushed Ron's lips with his own. The first thing that Harry felt was a lot of joy, spreading to the tips of his fingers, his toes, and the top of his head. Then, he noticed that Ron's lips were almost impossibly soft. Smiling widely, Harry pulled back, ready to ask Ron whether that was because of the book, but Ron pulled Harry close to him again. All thoughts were quickly gone from Harry's mind, and all he felt was Ron's lips against his own, and Ron's hand in his. And it was the most amazing feeling ever.

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An hour later, both boys were back in Ron's room. They had quickly said good night to everyone, then hurried upstairs to brush their teeth (Harry made sure to do it according to the book again). As Harry entered Ron's bedroom, the latter was already lying in bed. Harry hesitated, then decided to sit down on Ron's bed, feeling that lying down next to him would be a little much.

"We can't cuddle if you're sitting and I'm lying down, you know. And lying is much more comfortable," Ron said, and Harry could see a smile on his face, even in the dark. Harry smiled and was about to lie down, when he remembered something. Grabbing his wand from Ron's nightstand (he hadn't bothered to place it on his own), he pointed it at the corner left of him, and cast a non-verbal spell that caused a few candles to place themselves on the floor, nightstands and shelves. Another non-verbal spell lit them up, and Harry could see Ron's eyes widening and his mouth opening slightly. Now, it was Harry who closed Ron's mouth gently.

"Stop," Harry said.

"What?" Ron asked, confused.

"Stop being so adorable," Harry said as he lied down next to Ron. The second his face hit the pillow, Ron kissed him, and Harry found it to be even better than the kisses in the tree. His stomach felt warm, and his heart was racing. Suddenly, something hit him and he pulled back, even though it was nearly impossible while lying down.

"Ron?" he asked uncertainly.

"Yes?"

"Well, I was wondering why you did the things that the book says? I mean, who were you trying to impress?"

"You, of course. Blimey, Harry, I thought you were intelligent," Ron said and both boys laughed.

'How bad could the search for the Horcruxes be, now that I've got this?' Harry thought to himself.

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